

MY SWEETHEART.

The camera's lens was opened
A vision quickly passed
In through the lifted shutter,
Which closed and held it fast.
Although 'twas but an instant
By some mysterious art
The camera drank its beauty,
And treasured it at heart.
And wrote the vision down
With all its charming grace,
And gave to me a copy—
It was my sweetheart's face.
So here it is before me,
Perfuming all the room
Among sweet wild rose blossoms
Which never cease to bloom.

A picture and a frame—
Which, sweetest, who can tell,
The frame of June's fresh roses
That from the magic spell
Of her deft touch drew life,
And seeing her blushed pink,
Or her own pretty likeness
Of whom it's sweet to think?
With flowers for a frame
So rare that nature's flowers
Would wonder whence they came.
—Detroit Free Press.

MISS THANKFUL.

It seemed to be one of the ironies of fate that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope. Strangers smiled instinctively at the name when they first met her, for to them there was so little in her narrow life to be thankful for, and nothing to hope for. And yet to those of the limited number who grew to know Miss Thankful the name was, after all, quite appropriate.

She was a faded looking little woman of 45, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes. She was a fair seamstress and made enough to pay her board and usually to keep herself suitably clothed.

It was a standing joke among the other boarders that no matter how disagreeable the day Miss Thankful could always find something pleasant to be said about it. And, no matter how unprepossessing the last new boarder, Miss Thankful's kind heart was sure to discover some excuse.

She had watched Florence, Mrs. Simmons' young daughter, grow up into womanhood and had shared her timid confidences and opinions about the different young men of the house, confidences which Florence would never have thought of telling her practical mother. There was something about Miss Thankful which invited confidence, and the two were warm friends.

It was a dull February evening, a slight snow was falling, and Miss Thankful hurried along toward home in the early dusk. The windows were lighted up and presented a tempting array of millinery, dry goods, flowers and confectionery.

But Miss Thankful did not notice any of them until she turned into Bond street, and there she walked slowly, coming to a standstill at last in front of Cooper & Cooper's large dry goods house.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said softly, "it's there yet. I made sure it would be sold. So cheap too. Only \$1.50." She was gazing at a blue satin party bag, lined with delicate pink, one of those dainty French affairs which always catch a woman's eye if she has any soul for pleasing effects.

"I can't afford a new dress this year. That three weeks I was sick last month put that out of the question, and so it does seem as if I could buy that bag if I want to. Only it would be silly—downright silly!" and she sighed.

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have set my heart on it. Even my dresses have been brown or black. They last better."

"I've had a kind of brown and black life anyway. But there now, that sounds complainin', and I've no cause to complain. The Lord's been good to me and prospered me right along."

"Good evening, Miss Thankful," said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town. Lots of pretty things, too," he added, with the pardonable pride of a head clerk.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones," answered Miss Thankful. "Yes, I was just looking in at the goods. I"—she hesitated—"was just noticing that blue satin bag over there in the corner—see?"

"Oh, yes, that pretty bag. Pretty thing. Cheap too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it. Funny it was not sold today. Will be tomorrow likely."

Miss Thankful felt her desire to possess the bag increasing.

"On your way home? Let me take your umbrella," and they walked on together.

Miss Thankful had a decided liking for this one of the boarders, partly because he never forgot to show her the same courtesy that he would show to Florence or any younger woman. And this is very gratifying to a woman who has no claim to youth or beauty.

He was a timid young man, with a colorless mustache and drab hair, who talked with a jerk, but Miss Thankful always liked him.

When they reached the boarding house, she went very thoughtfully up to her room. Mr. Jones had discoursed most of the way upon the amiable qualities Florence possessed, all of which remarks she had heartily seconded. When she had lighted the gas, she sat down with the thoughtful expression still on her face.

"I wonder," she said. "I do just wonder. But he would never under the shining sun have the courage to tell her," and she smiled.

"Mr. Jones—a name I do abominate, and Florence so pretty—and him with those colorless eyes and washed out hair! But then he is just as kind as he can be, and I make no doubt would be a good provider."

The next night when Miss Thankful came into her room she turned on both the gas jets—an unheard of extravagance. She carried a small parcel down in tissue paper, and before she stopped to take off her bonnet she went over to the bed and untied the package. It was the blue satin party bag.

"It's a lot prettier than it was at the

store," she said, smiling at it where it lay spread out on the white cover in all the arrogance of assured beauty.

"Those pink roses are lovely. I'm silly as I can be. I know that well enough! That's why I asked Mr. Jones not to speak of my getting it. Maybe next summer I can have a lawn with a little blue sprig in it. This would go beautifully with that. I don't think I'm too old for a lawn on a hot day, and I'm just glad I got it—so there!" Then she wrapped up the bag and put it away in her trunk.

After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was tempted to tell her about it. But she was full of her own plans, and the bag was not mentioned.

"There is to be a party tomorrow evening at Mary Moor's. It's the 14th, you know," said Florence happily. "I am going to wear my blue cloth dress. I've worn it a lot, Miss Thankful, but mother says I may have a new sash. That will freshen it up. But, oh, I wish, I do wish I could have a party bag that I saw down in Cooper's window. It was a light blue and lined with pink. Such a beauty! I wish you had seen it. I can't have anything but the sash, though, and so there is no use in wishing."

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sort of wished for it myself."

Florence laughed. "Oh, of course, you would not want it, but if you had seen it 20 years ago you might have," she said, with the serene thoughtlessness of youth.

Miss Thankful grew silent.

"Mr. Jones has asked me to go to evening service twice lately," she went on presently.

"I think he is about the best looking young man here, don't you, Miss Thankful? He never talks much, but I suppose he thinks a great deal. I used to think he disliked me, he stammered so when I spoke to him, but I guess it was just because he didn't feel acquainted."

And then followed a recital of Mr. Jones' sayings.

After she had gone Miss Thankful sat for a long, long time in front of the grate, with sad dreamy eyes fixed on the fire. She was going over in her mind a time 25 years before.

"He was nothing like Mr. Jones," she said. "He was good looking and so tall, but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and indifferent as I know how. Girls are foolish creatures. He never got up the courage to tell me. And then we moved away, and that was all. No other man ever looked at me, and I can't say as I want them to."

She undressed slowly. She felt old. This looking back at one's youth has a tendency to make one feel old if it lies 25 years behind one.

When she was all ready for bed, she opened the trunk and took out the party bag.

She opened the door and listened. Everything was still in the dim hall. Florence's room was only a few doors away. Miss Thankful slipped noiselessly along, and when she reached the door she hung the ribbon over the knob and as softly stole back.

She had put no card in the bag; there was no need. Florence would know who sent it, and then she went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning Florence knocked at the door almost before Miss Thankful was dressed and came in with a flushed, happy face.

"Oh, Miss Thankful," she cried, "I have had the loveliest gift! What do you think—that blue satin party bag!"

"Of course Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet, and he grew just as red and stammered so. I know why now. Mother says I may keep it, and I wrote him a note of thanks this morning and put it under his plate. That was the easiest way of thanking him. He is having an early breakfast now, so I thought I would wait and go down with you this time." And she fluttered about the room in happy excitement.

Meantime Mr. Jones was in a very uncertain and puzzled state of bliss. The note had thanked him for his beautiful gift, but neglected to tell what the gift was.

He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence.

At noon there was another tiny white missive under his door. But this, much to his disappointment, proved to be from Miss Thankful.

DEAR MR. JONES—Florence thinks you sent that satin bag. It would be dreadful for her to know differently after thanking you for it. For her sake, please do not ever tell her that you did not. Your friend, THANKFUL HOPE.

Mr. Jones studied this note with smiling eyes.

"For her sake," that clause gave him a quick thrill of pleasure. She would be sorry to find out, then, that it was not his gift.

He must answer Florence's note, and this was the result of a half dozen attempts:

DEAR MISS FLORENCE—That bag could not hold the valentine I would like to give you if I dared. It is the biggest and loveliest valentine a young lady ever got. If you care to have me tell you about it, please carry the blue satin bag when you come down to dinner.

ERASTUS JONES.

He could hear Florence singing in her room, and he called the bellboy and sent the note to her.

"There now," he said, when this had been accomplished, "if it had not been for Miss Thankful I would never have had the grit to send that, and, what's more, I believe Miss Thankful knew it, bless her!"

"If Florence does have that blue thing on her arm, I'll give Miss Thankful the very best dress that Cooper & Cooper have in the store."

And Miss Thankful got the dress.—Ann Deming Gray in Hartford Courant.

If They Keep Growing.

Housekeeper (greater Chicago, 1904)

Johnny!

Johnny—Yes, ma.

Housekeeper—Step over into greater

New York and get me half a pound of

green tea; there's a good boy.—Good

News

FREAKS OF NATURE.

Some Curious Things That Amuse and Astonish Men of Science.

Nature's freaks of fancy afford a strange study. People are constantly sending to the National museum supposed fossil animals and other oddities which are in reality mere accidental forms carved by water. A pebble in a stream gathers about itself grains of sand until an odd shaped lump is made. A favorite shape for such lumps is that of a turtle with four legs, a head and tail, even the lines of the shell being sometimes distinct. Similar concretions of carbonate of iron and clay assume the appearance of petrified peanuts. Break one, and you will always find inside a small spiral winkle shell, which has served as the nucleus. A queer counterfeit of this kind, forwarded to Washington not long ago, was an alleged fossil foot of a child, with a little stocking on, the latter showing signs of wear on the ball of the foot and on the heel. It was only a concretion, as was likewise what appeared to be a petrified oyster on the shell.

One eminent scientist has been amusing himself of late by making imitation spider webs out of quartz fibers. It is well known that copper wire can be drawn to a fineness much less than the thickness of a hair—in fact, to the diameter of the one-thousandth part of an inch. But glass may be spun finer than copper, while even the finest spun glass is not so fine as silk fiber. The latter, however, is coarse compared with the threads that can be obtained by melting quartz under a blowpipe and pulling it out. Such threads may be reduced to a thinness of one-millionth of an inch. Drawn to such tenuity, they are invisible under a microscope of the highest power. Yet they are stronger in proportion to their thickness than the best quality of bar steel. Enough thread like this could be made from a single cubic inch of quartz to go around the world 658 times. A grain of sand barely large enough to be visible to the naked eye would yield 1,000 miles of thread.

Obviously no practical use can be made of threads so extremely fine. Comparatively coarse ones were woven into cobwebs by the scientist aforesaid. They would not catch flies because they were too slippery, having no gluten on them, like real cobwebs. This difficulty was got over by moistening a straw in castor oil and gently stroking the threads with it; then the webs captured flies fairly well. But a cobweb is incomplete without a spider, so it occurred to the experimenter to attract an arachnid to his web by the buzzing of a fly. It was difficult to make a fly buzz to order, but a satisfactory imitation was produced by permitting a tuning fork to vibrate against the quartz fibers. This fetched the spider right away. The scientist also amused himself with blowing bubbles of quartz, which looked exactly like the most beautiful soap bubbles.—Washington Star.

Sponge Fishing.

The Greeks are considered the principal sponge fishers, and it takes much experience, skill and hardihood to qualify a man for a first class place among sponge divers. Many of the most valuable specimens are found at a depth varying from 10 to 35 fathoms. To aid in the descent, the divers make use of a triangular stone, with a hole in one corner, through which a rope is spliced. On reaching the deep sea gardens, where the rock ledges are clothed with marine growths, the diver, retaining a hold on his rope, dexterously breaks away the holdfast of the sponges and places them under his arm until a sufficient load has been gleaned, when a pull on the rope signals his companions above that he is ready to ascend, and he is then hauled to the surface, bearing his ocean treasures.—Exchange.

Manuscript of "The School For Scandal."

No printed version of "The School For Scandal" was prepared for publication by Sheridan. He always alleged that he could not supply one with which he was perfectly satisfied. Yet he made the attempt, and Mr. Fraser Rae has discovered the copy containing his final corrections of passages in many scenes, which Moore must have overlooked, the documents at his disposal having recently been put into Mr. Fraser Rae's hands by Sheridan's descendants for the purpose of writing a complete biography of the great dramatist and orator. The manuscript is imperfect, yet enough is extant to show how effectually Sheridan could add a fresh charm to his polished phrases.—London Athenaeum.

Rulers of Horses and Men.

It is instructive to compare the visage of the ruler of horses with that of the ruler of men. The horseman's face shows command in the mouth; the drill sergeant's in the mouth and the eye. The last is undoubtedly the most effective instrument in exacting obedience from our own species. Here we get a hint of the cause of that want of dignity, that element of coarseness, which is discernable in the countenances of some men and women who have much to do with horses. The higher and nobler method of expressing authority is outweighed by the lower and more animal one.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Are Men Getting More Vain?

A local philosopher, who makes a practice of observing other people's manners and commenting upon their habits, states that nearly every man now carries a pocket mirror. According to him, this habit has grown immensely of late, and nearly every man can be observed at frequent intervals pulling a glass out of his pocket and looking at the set of his necktie or the appearance of his whiskers.—Philadelphia Call.

Out of Order.

Little Girl—We has a new baby.

Neighbor—You have?

Little Girl—Yes'm, an its eyes open an shut, too, but I guess there's something zee matter wif its works, 'cause zee eyes don't always shut when you lay it down.—Good News.

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